

The Hong Kong Daily Press

No. 8772

日一初月正年二十精光

HONGKONG, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1886.

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英卷二月四日

[PRICE 8d PER MONTH]

SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

February 3, LEE-SANG, British steamer, 1,091, W. E. Sawyer, Whampoa 3rd February, General—JARDINE, MATHESON & Co. February 3, MADRAS, British steamer, 1,093, H. Plesco, Whampoa 3rd February, Ballast—ORDER. February 3, KOW-SHING, British steamer, 1,304, Balborn, Shanghai 31st January, General—JARDINE, MATHESON & Co. February 3, NAMOA, British steamer, 862, Geo. Westoby, Swatow 2nd February, General—DOUGLAS LAPRAIK & Co. February 3, NINGPO, British steamer, 781, W. Potts, Whampoa 3rd February, General—SIESENSEN & Co. February 3, STRATHALY, British str., 1,236, D. Broughton, Kuching 28th January, Coals—M. D. KAISNER. February 3, DUNHUNG, German steamer, 921, Schulte, Saigon 29th January, Rice—MELCHERS & Co. February 3, AMOY, British steamer, 814, Kohler, Shanghai 31st January, General—SIESENSEN & Co. February 3, GLAUCUS, British steamer, 1,381, T. W. Hannell, Shanghai 31st January, General—BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE. February 3, KWANG-LEE, Chinese str., 1,508, Andrew, Shanghai 30th January, and Swatow 2nd February, General—C. M. S. N. Co. February 3, NUMIDA, British steamer, 1,618, L. Moon, Haiphong 30th January, General—WILLER & Co. February 3, THALES, British steamer, 820, Pock, Tianfuwan 29th January, Amoy 1st February, and Swatow 2nd, General—DOUGLAS LAPRAIK & Co.

CLEARANCES.

AT THE HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE, 3RD FEBRUARY.

Beatty, British str., for Yokohama. Loire Infernale, French str., for Haiphong. Iphigenia, German str., for Haiphong. Ningpo, British str., for Shanghai. Madras, British str., for Saigon. Glaciers, British str., for Singapore. Gravure, German str., for Singapore. Lenox, British str., for Singapore. Leaching, British str., for Shanghai.

DEPARTURES.

February 3, ALBANY, British str., for Saigon. February 3, PICCIOLA, German steamer, for Singapore. February 3, MARK LANE, British steamer, for Shanghai. February 3, STANMORE, British str., for Saigon. February 3, NINGPO, British str., for Shanghai. February 3, GLAUCUS, British str., for Singapore. February 3, LEESANG, British str., for Shanghai. February 3, VENGE, British g.t., for Canton. February 3, AMOY, British str., for Whampoa.

PASSENGERS.

ARRIVED.

Per Kong-ching, str., from Shanghai—Mr. Scott, and 30 Chinese. Per Nance, str., from Swatow—Messrs. Bois, Alford, and MacLulie, and 3 Chinese. Per Amoy, str., from Shanghai—Mr. McCaslin, and 6 Chinese. Per Glaciers, str., from Shanghai—Messrs. Hood and Brown, and 12 Chinese. Per Rangoon, str., from Shanghai, &c., Messrs. and Mrs. White, Masters White (2), and 3 Chinese. Per Nantze, str., from Haiphong—Mrs. Ober and child Mrs. L. Clark, Messrs. Anderson and D. Mafaria. Per Thales, str., from Taiwan, &c.—Lieut. Roper, F.R.N., and Phambe, R.M.L., and Surgeon Sculian.

DEPARTED.

The British steamer *Nanosa* reports left Haiphong on the 30th ult., and had strong N.E. wind and head sea.

The British steamer *Gretta* reports left Shanghai on the 31st ult., and had strong N.E. monsoon throughout.

The British steamer *Amoy* reports left Shanghai on the 31st ult., and had fresh N.E. monsoon throughout.

The Chinese steamer *Kwang-lee* reports left Shanghai on the 30th ult., and experienced fresh N.E. winds and cloudy weather to port. At Swatow 2nd inst. had strong N.E. winds and cloudy weather.

The British steamer *Nanosa* reports left Swatow on the 2nd inst., and experienced fresh N.E. winds and cloudy weather to port. At Swatow 2nd inst. had strong N.E. winds and cloudy weather.

The British steamer *Strathaly* reports left Kuching on the 28th ult., and had a terrific gale which lasted for 65 hours; remainder of the passage strong N. and E. winds and cloudy weather.

The British steamer *Koussing* reports left Shanghai on the 31st ult., and experienced strong N.E. monsoon; from lat. 14 N. to port beginning fair weather. At Saigon British str. *Japanes* and *Formentor*, German str. *Drachenfels*, and *Barque Andante*.

The British steamer *Thales* reports left Tianfuwan on the 29th ult., had high N.E. gale with very high seas. Left Amoy on the 1st inst., had fresh N.E. wind and cloudy weather. Left Swatow on the 2nd, had fresh N.E. wind and overcast to port.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

THE KOWLOON FERRY.

STEAM LAUNCH "MOONING STAR"

Rush daily as Ferry Boat between PEDDAL's WHARF and Tsim-Tsa-Tsui at the following hours:—This Time Table will take effect from the 1st October, 1886.

WEEK DAY TIME TABLE.

THE KOWLOON FERRY.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

J. B. WHITE & BROS.

SELL AGENTS FOR CHINA.

HOLLIDAY WISE & CO.

Agents.

HONGKONG, 11th April, 1886.

[233]

GEORGE GOULET

CHAMPAGNE.

PUSTAU & CO.

Agents.

HONGKONG, 18th January, 1886.

[104]

HIRANO

NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

BOTTLED IN JAPAN.

PRICE \$4.50 PER CASE OF 50 PINTS.

NORTON & CO.

Agents.

HONGKONG, 2nd February, 1886.

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INTIMATIONS.

FOR SALE.

A NEW STOCK OF GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES

KID "BALMORAL" BOOTS.

CLOTH BUTTON BOOTS.

MILITARY BLOCKED BOOTS.

DRIBBY SHOOTING BOOTS.

CALF LACE SHOES.

KID LACE SHOES.

CLOTH LACE SHOES.

PATENT LACE SHOES.

CALF SPRING-SIDE SHOES.

KID SPRING-SIDE SHOES.

PATENT DANCING PUMPS.

ALSO,

TERNIS SHOES WITH FELT SOLES (Specially

designed for Concert or Concerto Courts).

TERNIS SHOES WITH SOLID BALMER SOLES.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

HONGKONG, 21st January, 1886.

[26]

BANKS

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

Paid-up Capital \$7,500,000.

Reserve Fund 4,500,000.

Reserve for Equivalency of 500,000.

Dividends 7,500,000.

Reserve Liability of Proprietors 7,500,000.

Proprietors 7,500,000.

Assets 7,500,000.

Liabilities 7,500,000.

Surplus 7,500,000.

Reserve 7,500,000.

Proprietors 7,500,000.

Assets 7,500,000.

Liabilities 7,500,000.

Surplus 7,500,000.

Reserve 7,500,000.

Proprietors 7,500,000.

Assets 7,500,000.

Liabilities 7,500,000.

Surplus 7,500,000.

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Liabilities 7,500,000.

Surplus 7,500,000.

Reserve 7,500,000.

Proprietors 7,500,000.

Assets 7,500,000.

Liabilities 7,500,000.

FOR SALE.

1886. NOW READY. 1886.

THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY

FOR 1886.
WITH THE CHINA DIRECTORY.
(TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL ISSUE.)
ROYAL OCEANO. pp. 1-122 with plans \$15.00.
SMALLER EDITION, pp. 752. \$3.00.THE CHRONICLE AND DIRECTORY
has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date, and is much increased in bulk.
It contains Descriptive and Statistical
Account of, and Description for
HONGKONG, CHINA, and
VICTORIATOWN.

Lotus' Directory JAPAN—

Do. Military Forces. Nagaoka.

Do. Chinese Hongk. Kobe (Hiro).

MACAO. Osaka.

CHINA—Tokio.

PAKISTAN. Yokohama.

W. CHINA. Nagasaki.

CANTON. Nankin.

SOUTHW. Amoy.

TAKAO.

TAIWANFO.

TAMSUI.

KELUNG.

FOOCHOW.

WINDSOR.

SHANGHAI.

CHINKiang.

WUHUA.

KUICHIANG.

HAIKOW.

JIANGZIANG.

CHAO.

TAKE.

TIENTHIN.

PAKING.

PORT ARTHUR.

NEWCHANG.

COREA—

SOU. JENCHUAN.

FUSAN.

YUNAN.

PORT HAMILTON.

NAVAL SQUADRONS—

French.

SHIPPIING—Officers of the Coasting Steamers of

P. & O. S. N. Co.

CHINA & MANILA S. S. Co.

MESSING. Siemsen & Co.

JAPAN M. S. S. Co.

INDO-CHINA S. N. Scottish Oriental S. S. Co.

DUNGEN S. S. Co.

MISCELLANEOUS COAST

CHINA. MER. S. N. Co.

Steamers.

THE LIST OF RESIDENTS now contains

the names of TWELVE THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED, AND

EIGHTY-SIX FOREIGNERS

arranged under one Alphabet in the strictest

order, the initials as well as the surnames

being alphabetical.

THE MAPS AND PLANS have been mostly

engraved in a superior style and brought up to date. They now consist of

FLAGS OF MERCANTILE HOUSES IN CHINA.

CODE OF SIGNALS IN USE AT VICTORIA PEAK.

MAP OF THE FAR EAST.

MAP OF THE PORT OF HONGKONG.

MAP OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA.

MAP OF THE CITY OF CANTON.

MAP OF FORMOSA CONCESSIONS, SHANGHAI.

MAP OF YOKOHAMA.

MAP OF MANILA.

MAP OF SAIGON.

PLAN OF TOWN AND ENVIRONS OF SINGAPORE.

PLAN OF GEORGE TOWN, PENANG.

AMONG THE OTHER CONTENTS OF THE BOOK ARE

AN ANNUAL CHINESE CALENDAR, MUSICAL SCALES,

SUNRISE AND SUNSET, MEAN OF BANNOON AND

THERMOMETER, RAINFALL, ELLIPTICS, FESTIVALS, &c.

A FULL CHRONOLOGY OF REMARKABLE EVENTS SINCE

THE ADVENT OF FOREIGNERS TO CHINA AND JAPAN.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FESTIVALS, FESTA, &c.

OBSERVED BY CHINESE, MAHOMMEDANS, PARSONS,

JEWIS, &c., WITH THE DAYS ON WHICH THEY FALL.

COMPARATIVE TABLES OF MONEY, WEIGHTS, &c.

THE WORKERS' POSTAL GUIDE FOR 1886.

ANNUAL LIST OF CHINESE AND PARCEL

POST AT FROM LONDON AND HONGKONG.

SCALES OF COMMISSIONS AND CHARGES ADVISED BY

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF HONGKONG,

AND SHANGHAI.

EXTRACT.

THE OLDEST ENGLISH ACTOR ALIVE.

Long life, with some few exceptions, is scarcely a characteristic of the profession of an actor. A remarkable instance, however, of longevity in an actor has just come under our notice in the person of one who many years ago was well known on the Manchester boards. This is Mr. Woolgar, father of a once popular Manchester actress, Miss Sarah Jane Woolgar, subsequently Mrs. Alfred Merton. Mr. Woolgar was for some years in business, and adopted the stage as a profession almost at middle age. We believe he was first seen in Manchester at the old Theatre Royal during the brief lessingships of W. J. Hammond and Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," when he played second parts to Mr. G. V. Brooks upon the latter's first appearance at that house. Upon the Theatre Royal being re-opened, in 1842, under the management of Mr. Robert Rox by (being the first season of the lessingship of Mr. John Knowles), Woolgar and his daughter were engaged as leading members of Knowles's first stock company—the former playing Adam and the latter Andry in Roxby's revival of "As You Like It," and Woolgar playing the Miser in the after-piece of "The Miser's Daughter." Subsequently he played Edmund to Butler's King Lear. He continued with Knowles's company during most of the season of 1843, playing with Butler and Pitt in such parts as the Earl of Lysterne in "The Patriarch's Daughter," Pizarro; Richmond; and Mark Antony in "Julius Caesar," with Butler as Brutus; Donatus in "Virgilius," &c. About the time of his daughter's engagement (in September, 1843) at the Adelphi, London (where she was leading actress for many years), he left Manchester for London. Mr. Woolgar is now undoubtedly the oldest English actor alive, having nearly reached his 90th year.—Manchester Guardian.

QUEER STORY.

MR. BADGE'S DOUBLE.

Dick Badge was one of those amiable wretches of whom it is the fashion to say that they are no man's enemy but their own. But this proposition is rarely true of any one, and it was certainly not so of Mr. Richard Badge, of her Majesty's—th Dragons. He was the son of a country clergyman, with a tolerably rich living, a large family, and fairly definite expectations; but his eldest son's extravagance and weakness swallowed up the lion's share of the worthy rector's income, left the other children portly, and offended one by one, the wealthy relatives from whom so much was expected and so little realised. In fact, by the time Dick had attained to the rank of Captain, he was, in his own language, hopelessly broke. His father could do no more for him, and the only relative with whom he was on speaking terms, a crabbled and rich old uncle on the Stock Exchange, positively refused to extend any help to him unless he at once quitted the army and became member of the "House." It was rather difficult to imagine what good old Bradley thought he could make of his neophyte nephew as a City man; but he was rich and very obstinate, and, eventually, he got his way. Dick sent in his papers, and in due course was installed in a den in the old gentleman's office, and set to earn the mysteries of book-keeping by double entry.

For some time everything went on well enough. Dick was by no means deficient in brains, and was capable of hard work of a somewhat spasmodic description. In a few months he knew almost as much about Mr. Bradley's business as that worthy did himself, and the old man was innumously pleased with the success of his experiment, and prophesied that he would make a useful member of society yet of his nephew, in spite of the demoralising influences of Elton, Oxford, and a fast cavalry regiment.

In a year, moreover, Dick married an American young lady, whose father was popularly supposed to be worth millions, started a modest but very well-appointed establishment in Bayswater, and was obtrusively respectable that his old friends scarcely knew him for the same man.

But unfortunately this blissful state of things was not permanent. Mrs. Dick, being a prospective heiress, and having a very substantial allowance from her father, was gifted with somewhat extravagant tastes, and her husband, always too easily led, fell into them with disastrous facility. She was a pretty girl, fond of society and of expensive amusements; Dick took what he considered a harmless pleasure in gratifying her fancies, and the natural result was that before a couple of years had passed over their heads, the happy pair were desperately in debt.

To add to their misfortunes, the millionaire suddenly came to grief in that unexpected fashion so peculiar to Americans, and Mrs. Dick's allowance was cut short without a moment's warning. Now, Mr. Badge was not as yet a partner in old Bradley's business, and though he received a fair salary, it was altogether inadequate to cope with any fresh calls. It was hopeless to resort again to Bradley himself, so Dick, in desperation, took to plunging heavily on the Stock Exchange, just by way, as he expressed it, of pulling himself round. He speculated in Brighton A's and North British, in Peruvian Bonds and Mexican Railway Stocks, and for a time, after the fashion of beginners, he did fairly well. In fact, during his first year's operations, Dick made enough to pay off a few of his most pressing creditors, to buy his wife several costly diamond ornaments, and to increase the expense of his style of living to a degree which would have caused old Bradley's hair to stand on end if he had only known it. But, like the run of speculators, he made no provision for the inevitable turn of fortune. It came; Dick was a bull when he ought to have been a bear; there were wars and rumours of wars; things which, as he said, no fellow could be expected to foresee; there ensued a mild panic on the Stock Exchange, and Dick had not whereabouts to meet his liabilities. Now, Mr. Badge was one of those unfortunately constituted persons who, as neither altogether fools nor knaves, and the situation troubled him excessively. Being in a position of trust in his uncle's office, he had many opportunities of converting his bonds, scrip, and other securities; but his son revolted from the dirty business, and, but for the persuasions of an insatiable friend, Dick would have resigned himself to the inevitable, and gone through the Bankruptcy Court with equanimity. In an evil moment, however, he listened to the counsels of his mentor, pledged some securities which did not belong to him to an outside broker as cover for a big speculation in the bonds of a certain thriving South American Republic—encouraged by the reflection that his adviser, an old brother officer of his own, and the soul of honour, had committed himself to the like extent—and waited for the certain rise. But it did not suit the purpose of the then President of the said South American Republic that the bonds should "rise"—which was, of course, an eventuality which Dick and his friend had not contemplated. The President, in fact, came to an untimely end at the hands of a mob of his faithful subjects, the bonds fell 10 per cent., and Dick, feeling horribly ashamed and guilty, wrote a frantic letter to his wife and bolted incontinently to Spain. In so doing Dick undoubtedly made a fool of himself. He had really little or nothing to fear, for if he had stood his ground old Bradley would never have

prosecuted him, but rather have pocketed the loss, in the dread of impelling the credit of his firm. Such escapades as that of Mr. Badge are of more frequent occurrence than outsiders imagine; but Dick, being more or less of an outsider himself, took a very serious view of his offence, and for some time contemplated suicide as a means of escaping further unpleasantness. Meanwhile his disappearance could not well be satisfactorily explained, the scandal became public in an aimless manner until he cast up at the ominously picturesque but evil-sounding town of Cadiz. There is a casino at Cadiz where a certain amount of gambling goes on, and Dick joined in the pastime, principally by way of endeavouring to banish the blue devils which tormented him. When he arrived there he was getting desperately short of ready money; but fortune, with his usual perversity, smiled upon his efforts, and in a week or two he had won quite a respectable sum, and was looked upon by his fellow gamblers as a hero in a small way.

That hope was not realised; but nevertheless, when dinner-time came, Dick went back to his hotel, his pockets bulging out with notes and gold, anxious to give him a fresh start, and to make life once more worth living. Arrest and imprisonment now began to be more serious terrors, and as he entered the hotel Mr. Badge glanced uneasily round for suspicious strangers. He could see nothing unusual, but determined to leave the place at once. On reaching his sitting-room he found Villaverde seated at the table with a white set face, counting and reckoning a small pile of money before him.

"You haven't been losing again?" cried Dick, in genuine sympathy.

"I have, indeed," said the Spaniard, looking up with a faint smile. "In fact, my friend, I am ruined."

"Good God! and I have won heaps! How, take some of mine, and have another try!"

"You know that I cannot," answered Villaverde.

"Too proud," soliloquised Dick. "My dear fellow," he continued aloud, "what nonsense this is! You have done me no end of favours, and you will not let me help you."

"It is too late. I tell you I am ruined. Here is my worldly wealth. It was my last chance."

"Come with me to Tux or Colorado, and we'll start a cattle-ranch!" cried the other. "You are a good fellow, Stapleton," said the Spaniard (Stapleton was the name Dick had called himself by since his flight); "but it is impossible. I shall try my luck here once more—and then—"

"What then?"

"Go back to Spain, I suppose, and submit upon the charity of my noble relatives!"

"Won't you have some dinner?" asked Dick, feeling it was hopeless to argue. "If I really mean going back to Spain I'll come with you."

"You once said I might have better luck. If I played elsewhere," he said. "Well, I've got an idea of going to Monte Carlo. A friend of mine has offered me his yacht for six months. Will you come?"

"How can I?" was on Dick's lips, but he paused a moment for consideration. In Monte Carlo the danger of arrest was imminent; he might be hauled off at any minute, handed over to the English police, and tried at the Old Bailey for embezzlement. But, after all, he reflected, what had he to lose? He was utterly weary of hiding, the life he was leading had become detestable to him; a few more months' imprisonment could not add greatly to his disgrace or his mortal misery. Moreover, at any moment his luck might turn. He had been living on his winnings, and a few bad nights would reduce him almost to penury. At Monte Carlo, at all events, he would have the chance of winning a big stake—perhaps of starting life afresh somewhere in the Western States, where his wife would be able to join him. He decided to chance it.

"Yes."

"I'm your man," he said.

"That's capital," answered Villaverde; "I shall be ready to start in three days."

And in three days the yacht duly weighed anchor, bound for Monaco. The two friends did not hurry over their journey, and, after a leisurely cruise, they arrived at their destination. The Count took rooms at a hotel, and the much time was lost in beginning the small business of the excursion. Both men started operations upon a somewhat modest scale. Dick did not want to risk the whole of his very small capital upon the fortunes of a single evening, and Villaverde determined to give his friend's hand warmly as he went.

"What on earth am I to do now?" reflected Mr. Badge, left to himself. "I must wait till he comes back."

There was a knock at the door, and a telegram was placed on the table. Seeing that it was addressed to himself, Dick hastily opened it, and found it was from his wife. "Leave Monte Carlo immediately," it said.

"Do you mean you prefer losing every night?" laughed the other.

"No; but ending up quits is so unotonous."

"I assure you, it's a capital sign—looks as if your luck was just on the turn."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do, indeed," said Dick, half in jest, half in earnest. "I think I must have a plunge myself soon. I've won pretty nearly fifteen hundred; ten times that would be worth having."

The Count's dark eyes glittered with excitement.

"I'm bent on it now," he said; "let me go alone this time, or you can follow and play at a different table."

And he rose and left the room, having first provided himself with a goodly bundle of notes.

"I'm sure I wish him luck," mused Dick; as he sat down to a cigarette and a newspaper. "It had not been for him, I verily believe I should have shot myself."

Neither cigarette nor newspaper seemed to Mr. Badge's taste. He threw one into the fireplace and the other on the table, and fell into a brown study, in which the blue devils, as usual, played a leading part. Presently he rose and fidgeted uneasily about the room. He rested his arms on the mantelpiece, and stared at his own face in the glass.

"What an unwholesome ruffian I look!" he said to himself. "Hence me with a black beard! and I'm getting as sallow as Villaverde himself. Spanish oil and cigarettes, I suppose?"

His eyes fell upon a neatly-cleaned ebony case, mounted in silver. He knew what was inside; but he opened it idly, and picked out a handsome revolver.

"Precious easy thing to shoot oneself," he soliloquised. "Why do follows bungle it off?" Wonder whether it's safer to put the muzzle behind your ear or into your mouth. Should say mouth for choice." And he suited the action to the word. Just at that moment there was a knock at the door, and Dick hurriedly withdrew the pistol from its singular position. In so doing he must have touched the trigger, for the weapon exploded, the bullet whizzed past his ear, and a bullet was whooshed into the wall.

"Get up, you fool!" said Dick, feeling very foolish. "Have you never heard a pistol go off?"

The water rolled over and over once or twice, and then rose and boiled like lightning.

"Supposes the idiot thinks I'm mad," reflected Mr. Badge, grimly. "But I must be off to the tables. Might show myself in earnest if I go on playing with that concern."

He explained to the landlord as he went out that his revolver had gone off accidentally, and promised to pay for the damage done to the wall. As he paused at the office, a letter was put into his hands, which he opened and read on his way to the tables. It was from his wife, and contained startling

information. "I am nearly certain," she wrote, "that the police know you are at Monte Carlo. Far better leave at once, dearest. I can't bear to think of you being arrested," and so on. Personally Dick did not care whether he was arrested or not, but for her sake he felt he must again, after a final plunge at the tables. As he entered the gaming-rooms he looked about for Villaverde, but that worthy was not to be seen. He sat down in the first vacant seat, and began to stake somewhat more freely than was his wont. He won persistently; colours and numbers seemed to turn up at will, his pile of notes and gold increased at a most abnormal rate, and soon a small crowd of eager and envious gamblers assembled round his chair, hoping to see him break the bank.

That hope was not realised; but nevertheless, when dinner-time came, Dick went back to his hotel, his pockets bulging out with notes and gold, anxious to give him a fresh start, and to make life once more worth living. Arrest and imprisonment now began to be more serious terrors, and as he entered the hotel Mr. Badge glanced uneasily round for suspicious strangers. He could see nothing unusual, but determined to leave the place at once. On reaching his sitting-room he found Villaverde seated at the table with a white set face, counting and reckoning a small pile of money before him.

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